

State Normal Magazine


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State Normal Magazine

VOL. XV

GREENSBORO, N. C., APRIL, 1911

NO. 7

April

E. R. Batterham, '11, Adelpbian

A flit of sun, a drizzling rain,
And then the golden sun again—
'Tis April.

A bank of laughing daffodils,
Waved by a chill wind from the hills—
'Tis April.

Sweet violets hiding in the grass,
Each waiting for the sun to pass—
'Tis April.

Oh, which will usher in the day?
A blowing storm or sunny ray,
In April?

Birds About our Campus

Verta Louise Idol, '13, Cornelian

Birds have always been more or less interesting to me, but not until I studied some of Wordsworth's nature poems have they attracted my close attention. Since then I have noticed some of the birds on our campus, most especially the mocking-bird, which brings us the first tidings of spring. He is inclined to be friendly and with kind treatment becomes very tame, always showing an interest in man's affairs and courting public notice. He lives largely in the tall trees on our campus and frequently perches on the highest peaks of the buildings where he sings his beautiful song. One day recently just as an English class, reading Wordsworth's "Written in March," reached the line "The small birds twitter", a mocking-bird lighted in a nearby tree and burst forth into his joyful song. He so much better expressed his own feelings and those of nature than the poet could, that the class had to leave the poem and listen to him. His song is considered one of the most perfect of bird songs, but it lacks a depth of feeling which characterizes that of the robin and bluebird. He sings his most beautiful and expressive song in the hush of night when everything else is quiet.

Along with the mocking-bird in his tree-tops lives the timid little wren. Unlike the mocking-bird, he is not inclined to be friendly toward man, but lives aloft, singing his happy and peaceful little song. Ordinarily we think of the wren as having only a call note, but if we will listen carefully, especially late in the evening, we will hear his musical song, which resembles the canary's.

Another of the most interesting and most familiar birds on our campus is the robin. With its cheerful song and beautiful red breast, which legend says it dyed while plucking a thorn from the Saviour's bleeding brow, it is exceedingly interesting. Quite early in the spring its only song is a little call note between a gurgle and a whistle. At that time this little bird is busy preparing the nest and has not time for the beau-

tiful song which it sings when the nesting season is over. The robin is one of our most cleanly birds, always neat in appearance and particular about the nest while caring for the young. It destroys many obnoxious insects and cut worms, and therefore has been called the "guardian angel of our soil."

The bluebird and redbird have been frequently seen and heard in the park this spring. We all know the bluebird by sight, as he is one of our most common and most beloved birds. Like the mocking-bird, he is amiable and his song is full of love and gentleness. The clumsy redbird may be seen hopping about on the ground, with his tail held high, calling to his mate with his sharp call note, "tsip". He is a fussy little bird, with a restless, anxious manner, and does not welcome any intrusion into his affairs. His song is rather loud and clear and is beautiful, though that of his mate is more pleasing, having a softer tone than his.

With his grayish blue body and crested head, the jay-bird roams through our park calling out his loud "jay, jay", and alarming the other birds. He is a noisy, teasing bird, and finds much pleasure in worrying his neighbors. Like the jay with his screeching call is the catbird. He is of the dark slaty gray color and is inclined to be friendly when given the opportunity. He is restless, always jerking himself about in an uneasy manner; sometimes resembling a cat in his crouching position and sometimes looking like a ball with his feathers all puffed out.

I am sure that every one has noticed the little brown bob-white hopping around among the stubble and low bushes in the park and fields. When the spring time approaches he begins to become tame and by this time is beginning to seek his mate and make preparations for the nesting season.

A bird which resembles the bob-white in color and manner of living is the dove. Like the bob-white, he lives on the ground or in low shrubs and trees, and is also friendly toward man. Especially late in the evening can we hear his gentle "coo, coo."

Another bird that is familiar to all is the crow. He has been heard calling in the fields already, where probably he is

waiting for the first signs of the agriculturist's work. He has long been considered one of the farmer's worst enemies.

The busy little woodpecker has been heard industriously pecking at some limb or tree-trunk in the park, doubtless in search of some prey hidden under the bark. With the "peck, peck" and "tap, tap" of his long bill, he not only finds his food but also hollows out holes for his nest.

Besides these birds, we have the much maligned sparrow, the song sparrow, the grass sparrow and the English sparrow. Although he is a much despised bird, he is a good husband, and devoted parent, and is very sociable. I have heard the clear musical song of the song sparrow quite often early in the morning and sometimes late in the evening. Neither of the other sparrows has a song, except a little chirp and chatter which we all know.

The little slate-covered snowbird which flies around the fields like a leaf blown by the wind is still with us. The martin, with his bluish black coat, is already on his northward journey and has reached us. Along with him has come the rice-bird, with his buff coat and chirping call.

Doubtless there are many other birds on our campus and in our park, which are as interesting and whose songs are as beautiful as these. But these few have given me much pleasure and make me heartily agree with the poet when he says:

"The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure."

The Stream

Naomi E. Schell, '13, Adelpkian

Hail to thee, thou crystal stream,
With thy dancing, mystic gleam !
Sweet the waters of thy pool,
Sweet are they, refreshing, cool.

When the morning sun is rising,
All thy glancing drops surprising,
Sweet the waters of thy pool,
Sweet are they, refreshing, cool.

When the evening sun is setting,
Through the leaves thy ripples netting,
Sweet the waters of thy pool,
Sweet are they, refreshing, cool.

The Legend of the Red Bird

Ara Jordan, '12, Cornelian

Among the many tribes of Indians living in North Carolina in the earliest days were the Tuscaroras in the east, the Occaneechees in the west, and the Catawbias still further west. The Occaneechee tribe lived among high hills and deep sloping valleys.

On the side of one of these hills was a beautiful spring, surrounded by large oaks and poplars. This was the favorite haunt of the beautiful Indian maiden Ulalee. Here she spent hours at a time listening to the creatures of the earth and air. The cardinals especially hovered near her. She loved the birds so much that she would feed them and talk to them as if they were human beings. They pitched on her shoulders and arms and in her lap. Even though this spring was far away from the Indian village, Ulalee felt no fears or danger with her bird friends.

Ulalee was the handsomest of all the maidens of her tribe. Her deep restful eyes and quiet though heavy features, her sweet, gentle manner, quick, graceful movement caused her to be envied by all the other maidens and to be sought in marriage by all the young Indian warriors. Finally Oneluskee, the handsomest and bravest of the young Occaneechee warriors, gained her father's consent and the betrothal was made. Oneluskee was a stern, fearless, and warlike giant. He delighted in making people afraid of him. None of his companions dared oppose him. All the neighboring tribes knew this handsome, brave, and warring hero, for his fame had spread abroad. The other maidens envied Ulalee and wondered why she did not seem as happy and gay as usual. She spent even more of her time near her beloved spring and among her little friends.

One day as Ulalee was sitting at the spring she was thinking of Oneluskee and wondering why she could not like him as others did. She could not make herself believe that he was the man for her to marry. He was so harsh and com-

manding, and her gentle nature needed no such mate as he would be.

While she was thinking thus a young Indian warrior came along who was much handsomer than Oneluskee. He stopped only for a drink of water and to tell her what his errand was. He was on his way to the Catawba tribe with a message from the Tuscaroras. His name, he told her, was Kanandageo. After he left the maiden alone she thought of him much. She thought of the calm and peace of his broad forehead and clear, frank eyes. Her thoughts went back to Oneluskee and she said half aloud:

“If Oneluskee were such a warrior as Kanandageo, I could love him.”

Returning a few days later, Kanandageo found Ulalee again at the spring. This time he stopped with her longer. He told her how he had thought of her since he had first met her there; how he had come to love her, and that as soon as he had taken the answer back to his people that he was going to return to her and become a member of her tribe so he would be allowed to marry her.

Ulalee had never known what it was to be loved before, for Oneluskee had never told her or shown her in any way that he did love her. She did not tell Kanandageo of her betrothal to Oneluskee, even though she knew that to allow him to return to her would make her untrue to her vows, which with the Indians meant death. She was overwhelmed by this new feeling and Kanandageo's confessions, and before he had left her she had told him that his love was returned. For days and days she barely left the spring at all, hoping to be there on his return. She seldom saw Oneluskee and seemed to try to avoid him if he came near her.

At last Kanandageo returned. He went to the chief of the Occoneechees and told him that he wished to become a member of that tribe. He gave such a good account of himself that he was gladly welcomed. He became a friend to Oneluskee and heard of Ulalee's betrothal to his friend. He said nothing of his own love for her, but secretly determined he would win her.

Oneluskee knew nothing of the meeting between Kanandageo and Ulalee. He noticed that Ulalee avoided him, but he thought it was because she was afraid of him and that pleased him.

In a few months, however, Ulalee spent more of her time at the spring than ever and it became noticed that Kanandageo was missing most of the time that Ulalee was at the spring. This had not happened many times before Oneluskee began to suspect them. One day he watched for them and heard them planning and talking together. They planned to slip away from the village at night and run away where they hoped never to be found again. The birds had learned to know Kanandageo almost as well as they did Ulalee, and when Oneluskee saw them the birds were perched above and around them, singing softly.

Oneluskee did not spring on them at once and kill Kanandageo, for it was not the young warrior with whom he had to deal, but with the maiden. He stole away silently and returned to the village.

The next day he came upon Ulalee waiting at the spring for Kanandageo. This time Ulalee did not shrink from meeting him, but asked him to sit down beside her. Her great love for Kanandageo had made her so tender toward all living creatures that she felt no fear of Oneluskee, not even enough to keep her from telling him of her broken vows. She was sorry for him and did not want to leave without telling him that she had never loved him and that she now loved Kanandageo.

When she finished her story, told him how she had met and learned to love Kanandageo, she turned to Oneluskee for his answer and approval. As she turned to him he drew a long knife from beneath his deer-skin garment and drove it into her heart without a word.

He left her there and when Kanandageo reached her the birds had surrounded her. Their grief had been so great when she no longer answered their caresses that they fluttered and fell about her, covering themselves in the red blood from her body. Thus the birds, with red crests and grey breasts, known as cardinals, have since been known as redbirds.

Archibald Henderson, The South's Most Famous Literary Critic*

Margaret E. Johnson, '12, Adelphian

For years the greatest need of the South along literary lines has been an able critic. Throughout our Southern States, we have produced much literature, and some of it has been really worth while. On the whole, however, our standard has not been high. With a critic among us who can set for us a standard such as we should have and who demands that we come up to it, our literary output will become of a nature more worthy of us.

With this in mind, those who are interested in the literary ability of the South, especially we of North Carolina, have watched with interest the career of Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina. Dr. Henderson is today acknowledged as one of the six critical writers of America who are really worth while. His works are widely known abroad as well as in America and many of his essays have had the distinction of being translated into several languages. Within the last few years he has written for every magazine of importance in this country and also for the best foreign periodicals. Besides this, he is the author of several interesting books.

As we note the growing success and popularity of Dr. Henderson, it is gratifying to us that he is a North Carolinian. His ancestors, the Hendersons, Steeles, and Cains, have ever been defenders of their country and makers of history. His great-grandfather, Judge Richard Henderson, the first of his family to come to North Carolina, bore a large and important part in the affairs of the State during the War of the Regulation and also a distinguished part in the settlement of Kentucky. By Governor Tryon he was appointed Associate Judge of the Superior Court, then the supreme legal tribunal of the colony. The Governor, in mentioning this

* We are much indebted to Miss Mary Henderson, the sister of Dr. Archibald Henderson, for the material used in this essay.

appointment to authorities in England, speaks of Judge Henderson as "a gentleman of ability, born in Virginia and living in Hillsboro where he is highly esteemed." Both counties and towns in the three States of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky have been named for Judge Henderson and his descendants. Throughout many generations this family has been a distinguished one, producing men of ability and note. On the Steele side, Dr. Henderson is a direct descendant of Elizabeth Maxwell Steele, of Revolutionary fame.

Although at this time Dr. Henderson has already gained fame for himself in many lands, he is only thirty-five years of age. He was born on June 17, 1876, at the beautiful old home of his forefathers in Salisbury, N. C. His father, Hon. John S. Henderson, is a lawyer and his mother, who before her marriage was Miss Elizabeth Brownrigg Cain, is noted and loved as a type of the beautiful old Southern womanhood.

The home in which Mr. Henderson passed his childhood and boyhood is situated just a little way without the town limits of Salisbury. At the time that it was built it enjoyed the comparative seclusion of the country, but since then the young city of Spencer has sprung up beyond it and now houses surround it on every side. From these, however, it is separated by beautiful groves and gardens, so that it is still somewhat shut in from the outside world. Just across from it is "Steelwart," the old home of the Steeles.

The early part of Dr. Henderson's education was received at home from his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah J. Bailey Cain. Later he went to a private school taught by Mr. James M. Hill. It was here that he was prepared for college. In 1898 he graduated from the University of North Carolina, leading his class and winning the Holt Mathematics Medal. In 1901 he received from this college the degree of A. M., and in 1902 that of Ph. D. From the time of his graduation until this year, 1902, he remained in the University as instructor of Mathematics. During the fall of 1902 and spring of 1903 he was fellow and tutor in the same subject at the University of Chicago, but in September of 1903 he again took up his work in the University of North Carolina as associate pro-

fessor of Mathematics, a position which he held until 1908, when he was made professor of Pure Mathematics.

Dr. Henderson is a member of various scientific and literary societies throughout the State. At the University, both the Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Nu number him among their most honored members. In 1906 and 1907 he was president of the Modern Literary Club, and in 1908 and 1909 of the Mitchell Scientific Society. He is also a member of the North Carolina Academy of Science. In religion, he is an Episcopalian; in politics, a Democrat.

In appearance, Dr. Henderson is very tall and slender, with a fair complexion and light hair. His eyes, his most distinguishing feature, are large and burning brown, compelling attention. His manner is exceedingly gracious and courtly. Besides his many other accomplishments, he is a gifted pianist.

In the year 1903 he was married to Miss Minna Curtis Bynum, of Lincolnton, N. C. Mrs. Henderson is a former student of the State Normal College and is also a graduate of the University. She has many attractive qualities and is a gifted and lovely woman.

During the year that he was in Chicago, Dr. Henderson first became interested in George Bernard Shaw, through seeing several of his plays given by amateurs. This led to the writing of his first essays on the modern drama, contributed to the *Charlotte Observer* under the nom de plume of Eustace Steele, two old family names. The favorable notice which these articles received encouraged him to write under his own name for various magazines, beginning with a series of articles for *The Arena*. Since that time he has attained much success along this line, having written for all of the best magazines of this country as well as for many of foreign lands. Strange to say, his recognition on the continent has been as immediate as in America. His articles published abroad have been written at the solicited request of such periodicals as the *Deutsche Review*, *Illustreret Tidende*, and *La Societe Nouvelle*.

During a correspondence with George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Shaw suggested to Dr. Henderson that he write his biography,

modestly adding that it would only mean a history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century and of the first quarter of this the twentieth. Dr. Henderson began the work and in 1906 went to England to discuss the partially written book with Mr. Shaw, and to look over the vast amount of material with which he wished to supply him. He crossed on the same ship with Mark Twain, who was on his way to Oxford to receive his degree. In London, the two saw much of each other, the acquaintance resulting in several invitations to "Stormfield", Mr. Clemens' home. In December, 1908, Dr. Henderson spent a week there together with Alvin Landon Coburn, the world's most famous artist photographer, and the pianist Gabinlowitz, Mr. Clemens' future son-in-law. During this visit the humorist suggested that he was a good subject for a critic. Since that time, Dr. Henderson has written several interesting papers about him and also a book entitled, "Mark Twain", which is now in press in England and will come out in this country later in the year. Mr. Coburn is illustrating this with photographs taken at "Stormfield" during their joint visit. Dr. Henderson and Mr. Coburn are also jointly getting out another book, a series of photographs of Edinburg by Mr. Coburn, with an introduction by Dr. Henderson.

In May, 1910, Dr. Henderson again went to England on leave of absence from the University until the fall of 1911. He spent the full term at Cambridge working up something mathematical in which he has long been interested, and then went to Berlin, where he is at present studying mathematics.

Dr. Henderson's latest work, a book containing a series of critical essays on the work of Henrik Ibsen, Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw, George Meredith, and Maurice Maeterlinck, entitled "Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit," has just been published. In this book, the author deals with certain of the leading figures in contemporary literature, revealing himself as a critic of acumen both in the choice of subjects and the method of treatment. He has not limited himself to a study of literary specialists, whether essayists, novelists, or dramatists, but has adopted a more comprehensive criterion, considering those eminent figures in contem-

porary literature who have left their stamp upon the age by the distinctiveness and originality of their contribution. He has sought out those certain characteristics and distinctive features of contemporary life which prompt men and women to call it "modern". "That brilliant figure of shadowed memory, Oscar Wilde, is treated with insight and discretion—as an artist and an original genius who made definite literary contributions to his age. This essay is probably the most critical study of Wilde's genius ever written. That other brilliant Irishman, George Bernard Shaw, is discussed from a new point of view—appraised in reference to his highly individual mode of interpreting life, and of drawing lessons from the pageant. The essay upon George Meredith, peculiarly subtle and acute, concerns itself with an inquiry into Meredith's expressed views on the art of fiction, and raises the question of his conformity or non-conformity thereto, in his own novels. In the essay on Maurice Maeterlinck, an exceptionally sympathetic study on the Belgian mystic, the strange unreality of his creations, as well as the magic art of reflecting aspects of mind and states of soul, is clearly presented." Maeterlinck considers this article the best ever published about him. So pleased was he with it that he wrote to the author: "It is one of the most acute, most sagacious, and most penetrating essays in the whole modern movement that it has been my pleasure to see."

"Interpreters of Life", attracting such widespread attention has naturally received much criticism. Most of this has been very favorable, none censorious. His too frequent use of quotations, although often subtle and illuminating, and his presupposition on the part of the reader of a too great knowledge of the literatures of the world, has been criticised. One review calls him "a critic of the paradoxical", saying: "Even the title of his new book, 'Interpreters of Life', is a paradox, penned on the assumption that those who read will understand that the truest life is idealization—that something or other which is more true than reality. It is from this window of colored glass that he peers out upon the life and work of George Meredith, Henrik Ibsen, and his own para-

doxical colleague, George Bernard Shaw. From this the paradox of the title is obvious, for Meredith interprets ideas, Wilde idealism, Maeterlinck symbolism, Ibsen psychology, and Shaw the realities of unreality."

Although he has won so much distinction as a critic, it is as a biographer that Dr. Henderson is at his best. He sets down without prejudice, almost without enthusiasm, what is absolutely essential to his preconceived hypothesis. His critique is constructed as Ibsen constructs a play. Like Meredith, he makes what he writes act as a vehicle for philosophy. "Like Wilde, he appropriates the best without, however, always making it his private property; like Maeterlinck, he is often elusive, and like Shaw, he is a disillusionist."

On the whole, North Carolina and the South in general has much to be proud of in Dr. Henderson. In him, the long needed critic is found, for the standard which he upholds is one to which all Southern writers may aspire. His works bear testimony to the fact that he is a scholarly student, an able critic, a writer possessed of refined taste and a graceful style, and an author who is peculiarly fitted for his work. The wide recognition of his ability has placed the whole South in a new light before the world—that of a future center of literary production.

To a Dead Oak

Elizabeth Craig, '13, Cornelian

A silhouette 'gainst night's dim sky,
With arms outstretched in benediction,
Thou wouldst remind us all must die;
To tree, to man, comes swift destruction.

A short time past, as sylvan king,
The stalwart sovereign of the forest,
Thy praise did woodland minstrels sing,
And nature smiled upon her dearest.

It seemed thou wert so tall and strong
That even time could never change thee;
But suddenly God sent a storm,
And in a twinkling, lightning rent thee.

The Son

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelphian

Paolo and Francesca had reached their destination. They had come through such an unending whirl of new experiences that their brains were numb, and they listlessly followed in the wake of the conductor. For long after the train had pulled out, the simple pair stood, silent and dazed, gazing down the long stretch of platform and the unending line of tracks to where the blue smoke curled and melted into the sky.

The man drew himself out of his lethargy. "Come, Francesca," he said. Drawing her shawl more closely around her, the little old woman followed her spouse as he found his way along with a wanness born of fear. His steps grew more and more timid as came the task of guiding the way through the thoroughfares. Wide-eyed with fear, Francesca clutched his arm, every nerve in her body tense. This was worse than all. It was such a big place to be alone in.

Since they had left the little home village their only suffering had been from homesickness. The trip to Napoli, the second in their lives, had been an event of wondrous enjoyment. Then came the long ocean voyage from the sunny land of their love, past other southern lands, to the bustling wealth of the new world. When they landed in New York they had helplessly gone with the mass of the immigrants. Brass-buttoned men had cared for them in a hurried, business-like way, and the little slip of paper with the address a tourist had given them worked like magic. They were sent to the Southern town in the care of kindly conductors who saw them safely on their way. Now it was all ended,—or rather begun. The last conductor had gone and they must shift for themselves.

Paolo smiled a faint reassurance at his wife and they wandered down the street. In his small vocabulary of broken English he asked the way to a lodging-house, but the people were very unceremonious and said he could find one almost anywhere. Half the time they did not seem to understand

him, and he found his English, the pride of his life, was nothing here. English sounded so queer, so different, from what it did in the far-off country.

Up and down they wandered all day long. They could not remember the name of the lady who lived here and she never seemed to appear even though they peered around street corners and into the magnificent shop windows. Far up the long, long lines of shops they wandered, shrinking back against the walls in a vague, wondering fear of these people who had no time to help them. They came to dwellings which looked so grand that the simple pair hurried past. The afternoon was passing and they had found no refuge yet. There was a house across the street with a cross on it! It could not be a church—those at home were not a bit like that, and the people were not Catholics over here. But if a cross was there they might surely get some aid. Timidly they mounted the steps and knocked. The door moved slightly ajar. Ah, the Savior was kind! *It was a chapel of their faith!* They softly went up to the altar and in simple faith poured out their adoring gratitude.

It was so cool and restful here that they knelt for hours. The tired little woman heaved a sigh, then a tear trickled down the withered old cheek. She prayed and prayed while silent tears relieved the heart so strained by the fears of the day. Gradually her trouble lessened and she grew more quiet. Her shawl slipped from her shoulders and her rosary slipped from her limp fingers. The old man prayed on in forgetfulness of everything. The afternoon waned and the chapel fell in shadows. The priest came to ring the bell for vespers and started at the figures so silent before the altar. The man rose and came toward him with a face confident and yet pleading in its hopefulness. The Savior had sent his refuge.

Paolo and Francesca lived and worked in this new land, but it never grew less strange. No one save the priest spoke to them. They were hardly noticed even as curiosities. There were no other companions from the homeland, there was no one who spoke to them or smiled sympathy and encourage-

ment. Was this bettering themselves? Would it not have been better to stay among friends and comrades even if they did starve? "The boy" was not here and work was just as hard. They were in the last depths of bitterness. At home they had seen their son go off to sea and mourned in the sympathetic love of the neighbors. Here there was no one to cheer the day's work.

One day young Paolo came. His ship—for he was in the navy—was on the coast and the old folks' hard earnings paid the way to the inland town. The priest had taken a kindly interest and had spared no pains to help them enjoy the visit. Their simple trust had confided to him all the hopes and all the certain joys that they were treasuring. The mother with a gentle pride told of the son, how great and handsome he was and *how he could sing*. The kindly priest asked that he sing in the choir: the mother's joy was complete.

It was Pentecost when young Paolo came to the parents he had not seen for so long. He smiled on the childish desire of the old folks and promised to sing in the choir. In the very back of the church knelt the two. She wore her Sunday best and ostentatiously used a rosary of brilliant scarlet—*his* Christmas present the year before he went away. Paolo was doing the young son honor, too, with a tragic little old troubadour hat. They were very devout old people; but if they sometimes forgot to form a prayer that day their happiness made a silent thanksgiving.

The Mass proceeded and the old people waited in patience. The choir had ceased to sing and a hush filled the church. Scarcely audible was the soft prelude of the organ; then through the stillness some one began to sing. At first the notes, plaintive and sweet, fell low and beseeching in the strains of that beautiful hymn, "O salutaris, O salutaris hostia". Paolo and Francesca looked up. "The boy's" voice was even better than they thought. The low sweet notes gave way to fuller, stronger ones. The hymn swelled in a joyous confidence—"Da Rahm fur auxilium"—and then in one mighty accord of pleading, surety, and exultation, the singing ceased.

Paolo and Francesca stood without, waiting for the boy. He came down surrounded by the choir, and, as he stood there by his parents, many, many more smiling faces came to greet him with a word for his magnificent singing. The two old folks beamed with pride and joy, smiling at the ease of "the boy." He stood beside them and took it all as a matter of course. Yes, he would condescend to say, he was glad to sing for them. He shook hands, smiled a perfunctory smile, or flicked a bit of dust from his ensign's uniform.

Francesca slipped a trembling old hand into the young fellow's arm and trotted along beside him with a pitiful, trustful happiness that was reflected in her husband's face. Of course that was the reason they had no friends—Paola was not there! If he were there they would not lack for happiness. How happy they were now! And Paolo could come again, maybe for always, and live with them! Ah, perhaps Paolo will come.





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The dictionary says that honor is "a nice sense of what is right and conformable to a high standard of conduct." But a definition is a barren, lifeless thing at most, and this one falls far short of expressing the true meaning of that sensitive part of the human makeup which is rather felt and seen than described. It is this intangible something called honor which gives point, delicacy and fineness to our conduct. Although the days of chivalry have passed forever, the motive which actuated the heroic deeds of old is alive today and can find expression much more effectively in the duties of our everyday life.

A school girl's honor differs in no way from that of any other person. It merely finds a different medium through which it must express itself. Now, college atmosphere is, in a way, that of a hotbed in which there is a forced growth of

the faculties and instincts, and in the forcing process so delicate and tender a plant as a fine sense of honor is in danger of being crowded out. So for this reason it needs the more tender nurture. Let there be ever so little carelessness and laxity on our part and our sense of "what is right and conformable to a high standard of conduct" is dulled. There is lacking the little word *nice* which gives point to the definition.

The perfectly honorable person does not depend upon her neighbor for help, either in the preparation or recitation of her lesson; for to do this is to appear under false pretense and no person whose conception of right is keen edged would think of pretending to be other than she really is. She much prefers to do her best, give it as such and have the satisfaction of knowing it is her very own. Again, a fine sense of honor will temper with exquisite courtesy her treatment of inferiors, for there is no surer test of true nobility of soul than the tone and manner in which a subordinate is addressed. It is this delicate sense of right that leads one to put the wishes of other people before her own and gives her the true spirit of unselfishness. It gives a touch of absolute reverence, of attitude at least, during any religious service. Some one has said in effect, "Even an infidel, if he is a gentleman, will be reverent when others worship." And a gentleman is always an honorable man. Most of all, a sense of honor holds the college girl rigidly up to the very highest ideals and motives of which she is capable and keeps her true to the very best there is in her.

Fortunately, a sense of honor, like every other part of our being, grows stronger with use and constant exercise. Let us then make it a point of honor to be independent, to be courteous, to be reverent, to be thoughtful, and to be true to our better selves; and we will find our deeds of today quite as worthy of emulation as those of the heroes of old.



The Point of View

Walking Period

Naomi Schell, '13, Adelpian

Although there are times when "The Dirge", which appeared in the February number of our magazine, may justly apply to walking period, more often just the opposite is true of it. How refreshing it is to put aside books and other duties, and relax our minds and bodies for a period each day! The fresh air, the physical exercise, and the mental rest all are of untold value to us, and how many of us would obtain these every day if we did not have walking period?

Aside from the benefits of walking period, there is much pleasure to be derived from it. I think there is not a girl here who has not enjoyed a brisk tramp over Observation Road, or a leisurely stroll through Lover's Lane. And the park is full of delightful paths, which bring up pleasant topics of conversation, so that before we know it, we have forgotten that we have any lessons to learn, and have given ourselves up to forty-five minutes of pleasure.

And walking period accomplishes its purpose. We come back to our work, refreshed, and ready to begin with new mental power. Who will say that our work is not better done because of this period of recreation?



Exchanges

Margaret Cobb, '12, *Adelphian*

We have with us this month a brand new magazine, the first number of *The Focus*, published by the Virginia Normal. We wish to extend to it a hearty welcome and all good wishes for success. If magazines of longer standing do not have a care this new one will outstrip them. "A Double Victory", its only story, stands with the best this month.

The U. N. C. Magazine is below its standard this month. Some of the articles are good, though. "Via Typewriter Wireless" is very original and well written. "The King of the Dromghoul's Theme" is pretty flat as a story, but the sarcasm is sharp enough to make up for anything. Among the sketches we find two bright little gems, "The Living Equation" and "Of Hopeful Green Stuff Woven". We do hope that the author of these latter will aspire to greater things and give us articles in the front of the magazine.

In the *Davidson Magazine* there is a splendid hit in "The Renaissance of the Hobbleskirt". Also "The Man With the Hoe" is a bit of excellent poetry.

We would like to compliment the *Wake Forest Student* upon the excellent balancing of material—it is just right. "A Rag, a Bone, and a Hank of Hair" is a clever college boy's idea and well told. "Moses and Elijah" is excellent as a sketch, but we hardly think long enough for a story.

The A. and M. boys seem to care but two things: their college work and—well, read the stories in this month's *Red and White*. Interest in the college work is good, but we do wish the magazine would broaden its field. But there is one thing that we wish to thank the A. and M. boys for and that is their advice. We mean it. The question which they discuss is one of vital interest to us and we heartily appreciate their giving us their opinion.



Y. W. C. A.

Pearl Holloway, '11, Adelphian

The past month has been filled with interesting happenings for the Y. W. C. A. Both the mid-week and the Sunday night services have been somewhat above the average, and the election of officers was not without its usual enthusiasm.

Two of the most effective mid-week services were those led by Miss Daniel and Miss Petty. Miss Daniel told us something of the famine-stricken Chinese, and as a result of the interest aroused in these people, a collection of sixteen dollars was made in their behalf.

Among the most interesting Sunday night services was the one conducted by Rev. Mr. Preston, a returned missionary from Korea, and the one led by Rev. J. C. Turner, who has recently accepted the call to the First Baptist Church of this city.

Perhaps the most enjoyed service which we have had this year was the one conducted by the Faculty. Following the opening prayer by our president, Dr. Foust, Mr. Smith, the chief speaker of the evening, gave us a most helpful and uplifting talk on "Charity". The special music rendered by the Faculty was both varied and enjoyable. The beautiful and effective service was appreciated very much by the Association.

The new year in associational work will soon begin. The new officers are to be installed on the second Sunday night in April. They are as follows: Pattie Spruill, president; Katharine Vernon, vice-president, Grace Stanford, secretary; and Pattie Spurgeon, treasurer. We feel that the Association has made a wise selection in these officers and we are confident that through them the work will be well carried on in the coming year.



Society Notes

With the Adelpians

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelpian

On March 17th, the Adelpians were invited by the Cornelians to hear a lecture given by Professor Edward K. Graham, dean of the University of North Carolina. The talk was a most enjoyable one and the Adelpians appreciate greatly their sister society's kind invitation. The same evening the Adelpian Society had a short musical program, at which Misses Aycock, Morrison and Broadfoot sang, and Misses Spivey and Kornegay played on the piano.

The program given on March 31st was a reading of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night", with ten illustrative tableaux. Miss Broadfoot read the poem. The following girls took part in the tableaux: Misses Lily Batterham, Alice Harris, Margaret Cobb, Lillian Crisp, Ione Grogan, Margaret Johnson, Louise Crawford, Naomi Schell and Mary Hanes. The tableaux were pretty and added greatly to the charm of the reading.

With the Cornelians

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

On Friday evening, March 17th, the Cornelian Literary Society enjoyed the privilege and honor of having Professor Edward K. Graham, dean of the University of North Carolina, as its guest and speaker. The faculty and students of the College were invited to share with the Cornelians the pleasure of hearing Prof. Graham. He gave a most interesting lecture on "The American College Woman", in which he discussed the position of woman past and present. He talked of the so-called "new woman" of today, who, as he said, is in reality not essentially different from the new woman who has developed in all ages. She is but the woman who is seeking to find her true position and in finding it tries to develop so as to be able to serve in the best way. Prof. Graham then showed that woman's rightful sphere is in the home. But her duty does not stop here, for she must also serve the community in which she lives. Woman, then, needs intellectual training for her work as truly as man; and thorough training is what

the American college woman of today is acquiring. Consequently she is the woman to whom people may look for the best service to her generation.

The literary exercises of the society for March 31st consisted of the delightful little operetta, "Penelope". This is a very humorous musical comedy, in which Penelope, an attractive little maid of the house, has serious complications with her numerous admirers, whose visits to the kitchen she manages very skilfully until the direful interference of her mistress, Mrs. Croaker. Penelope's most ardent lovers were Chalks the dairyman, Pitcher the policeman, and Tosser a grenadier. Chalks was very faithful, but Penelope persuaded herself to believe that her choice must lie between Tosser and Pitcher. On one occasion through mistake, these two gentlemen happened to come at the same time. Penelope, however, was managing things well by entertaining them at supper when the mistress with prying eyes interfered. Then came the test when Penelope was ordered to leave. The only faithful lover proved to be Chalks, who happened to come at that time. The humorous songs, the wit of the Irish policeman, the blunders of the bluff grenadier, and the cunning schemes of the little maid against Mrs. Croaker, gave life and humor to the play which delighted the audience.

The following is the cast of characters:

Penelope	<i>Sadie Rice</i>
Mrs. Croaker	<i>Myrtle Johnston</i>
Chalks	<i>Bessie Bennet</i>
Pitcher	<i>Lalla Daugherty</i>
Tosser	<i>Effie Hughes</i>

Twelfth Night

On the evening of April 8th, the Cornelian Society presented "Twelfth Night" as the public play for the year. This genuine and delightful comedy, as Mrs. Jameson has said, is a perpetual spring of the gayest and the sweetest fancies. It blends into harmony, grace and refinement of sentiment and the broadest effects of humor. In its presentation, those who played showed good power of interpretation and an excellent ability to act the part of Shakespearean characters. Viola charmed her audience from the first, for she threw herself into the spirit of the role and played splendidly her difficult yet interesting part. The rough wit of Sir Toby, the frailties of simpering Sir Andrew Aguecheek, together with the cunning plots of Fabian, the saucy Maria and the clown, never failed to produce laughter on the part of the audience. How true to life seemed the passionate fuming of the Duke Orsino and the poor deluded Malvolio. Beautiful was the final scene when all was ended well and Fabian, so wonderfully like his lovely sister, was restored to her.

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Orsino, Duke of Illyria	<i>Annie Bruce Terry</i>
Sebastian, brother to Viola	<i>Katherine Bunn</i>
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian	<i>Lena Green</i>
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola	<i>Kate Styron</i>
Valentine and Curio, gentlemen attending on the Duke	<i>Rose Kennedy and Belle Kirk</i>
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia	<i>Mary Van Poole</i>
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	<i>Nan McArn</i>
Malvolio, steward to Olivia	<i>Verta Idol</i>
Fabian and Feste a clown, servants to Olivia	<i>Jessie Gainey and Gretchen Taylor</i>
Olivia	<i>Elizabeth Pollard</i>
Viola	<i>Maud Bunn</i>
Maria, Olivia's woman	<i>Edith Latham</i>
Sailors	<i>Annie Smith, Louise Whitley</i>
Officers	<i>Corinna Mial, Luola Kelley</i>
Attendants—	<i>Rosa Blakeney, Alma Kornegay, Nannie Frizzell, Jessie Briggs, Lilian Reeves, Iris Holt, Gladys Goodson, Lucy Abernathy.</i>





In Lighter Vein

Clyde Fields, '12, Cornelian

A teacher in the Training School said: "Do any of you know any one named Mary?"

"Yes, I have a sister named Mary," answered one little girl.

Another small child, not wishing to be outdone, said, "*I have two sisters named Mary.*"

A Senior, gathering material for her essay, asked Margaret F.: "Tell me where that sentence is about life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Margaret F. (thoughtfully): "Why, I think it is in the prelude to the constitution."

GEOGRAPHY TRUTHS

"The Sun and the Earth are the 2 *hot* members of the solar system."

"The planet Jupiter *rotates* so fast and keeps up so much *irritation* that it hasn't had time to cool off."

In the study of Botany one girl said: "A sick person should be well guarded with a contagious disease."

A Dream

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I studied weak and weary,
Over many a hard and hated lesson of forgotten lore—
Suddenly, I fell a napping, and I dreamed some one came tapping,
tapping at my chamber door.

Open wide I threw the casement

And to my intense amazement

In there stalked a stately raven,

A la Edgar Allan Poe,

"Twas a dream and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember 'twas not in the bleak December,
 But the pleasant days of May, soon, soon to be no more;
 And the dire examinations, dreaded, dark examinations,
 Now were looming to the fore.
 Vainly I have tried to borrow, from my friends to use tomorrow,
 Notes, examples, helps galore,
 Till oppressed by fears appalling,
 Gently into slumber falling,
 I dreamed this dream and nothing more.

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil”—prophet still if bird or devil!
 Tell me truly I implore,
 Will the exams. be hard and weary?
 Will they make us sad and dreary
 Asking of us questions never heard before?
 Can I, will I make a four?
 Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet,” said I, “thing of evil”—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 Tell me this I do implore,
 What shall be our Faculty’s portion
 Past the future’s fast closed door?
 Shall they have for us no feeling?
 Us who to them almost kneeling,
 Begging only for a four?
 Will they under no condition
 Listen to our meek petition?
 Will they keep on failing, failing, failing girls forevermore?
 Quoth the raven, “Evermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend!” I cried, upstarting,
 “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of the lie thy soul hath spoken;
 Leave my peaceful snooze unbroken!
 Take thy form from out my door!
 Though we’re weak and often flaunted,
 Though we’re meek and often daunted,
 We will love this place forever,
 And be loyal evermore.

Louise Brown, Cornelian.

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Frances Bryan Broadfoot, Cumberland County

Cornelian

Myrtle B. Johnston, Washington County
 Antoinette Black, New Hanover County
 Bessie Bennett....Rockingham County
 May Green Davie County
 Louise Gill Scotland County

Adelphian

Huldah Slaughter Wayne County
 Minnie Littman Rowan County
 Catherine Jones Durham County
 Ethel Skinner Pitt County
 Leah Boddie Durham County

Societies

Cornelian and Adelphian Literary Societies—Secret Organizations

Students' Council

Frances Bryan Broadfoot .. President	May Green Vice-President
Mary Tennent	Secretary

Senior Class

Myrtle B. Johnston President	May Vickery Secretary
Margaret Faison Vice-President	Mae Brown Treasurer
Ada Viele Historian	E. Rose Batterham Critic
Lelia White Poetess	Zannie Koonce Statistician
Frances Bryan Broadfoot Last Will and Testament	

Junior Class

Clyde Fields President	Alice Harris Secretary
Ethel McNairy Vice-President	Pattie Spruill Treasurer
Sabra Brogden Critic	

Sophomore Class

Gladys Avery President	Mildred Rankin Secretary
Lizzie Roddick Vice-President	Verta Idol Treasurer
Sadie Rice Critic	

Freshman Class

Rosa Blakeney President	Mary Perritt Secretary
Ina Harris Vice-President	Irene Robbins Treasurer
Pattie Groves Critic	

Y. W. C. A.

Natalie Nunn President	Pauline Whitley Secretary
Myrtle B. Johnston ... Vice-President	Mary K. Brown Treasurer

Athletic Association

Catherine Jones President	Margaret Smith .. V.-Pres., Freshman
Catherine Irwin V.-Pres., Senior	Bessie Jordan Secretary
Mary Van Pool V.-Pres., Junior	Mattie Morgan Treasurer
Lura Brogden ... V.-Pres., Sophomore	Margaret Wilson Critic